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A Little Book of Bores

By
Oliver Herford



*With Pictures by
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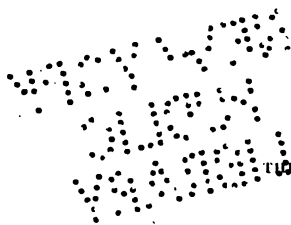
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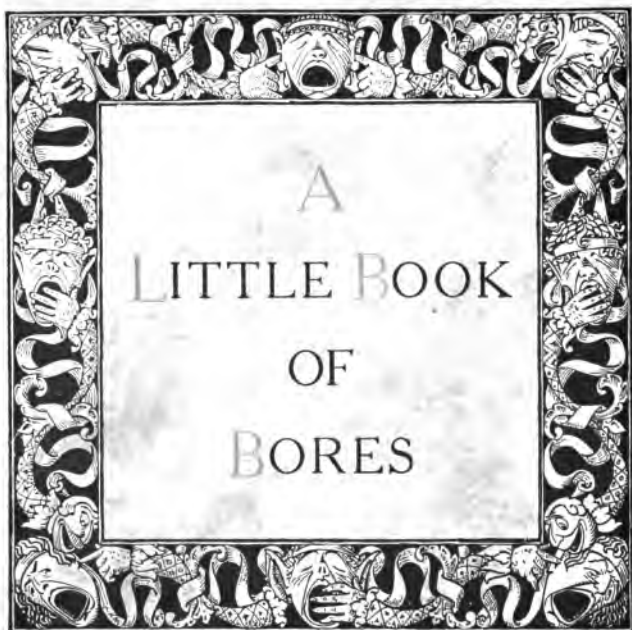
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B is a Bounder *Blasé*
Who likes to appear quite *au-fait*,
He purses his lips,
As his Rhine wine he sips,
Though he doesn't know Hock
from Tokay.



C's a Critic—Far be it from me
With a time-honoured craft to make
free.

All Praise I accord
Good Critics—but Lord!
What a Bore a *Bad* Critic can be!



D is a Decadent Dreary
Whose works are depressing & eerie;
If you ask his Excuse
For Existence, or Use,
I fear I can't answer your query.



E is the Egotist Dread
Who, as someone has wittily said,
Will talk till he's blue
About *Himself* when you
Want to talk about *Yourself* instead.



F's a Familiar Friend
Who loves Free Advice to extend;
Says he, for my part
I know nothing of Art
But I know what I like, my good
Friend.



G is a Grumbler Gruff
Whom everything puts in a huff;
If perchance he shall gain
Heaven's Gate he'll complain
Of his Halo or Harp like enough.



H is a Humorist glum.
Why sits he so doleful and dumb?
He's inventing some gay
Impromptu to say
When the Opportune Moment shall
come.



I's the Intensely Intense
Who dilates on the "Where" and
the "Whence"
The "Wherefore" & "Why"
And the "Ego" (or "I")
Not to mention the "Hither" and
"Hence."



J is a Johnnie, a Thing
Much affected by Fairies who Sing.
He is human in Shape,
With the Brain of an Ape,
And attached as a rule to a String.



K is the Kaiser unnerving,
With the terrible moustache upcurv-
ing.
One Man who can bore
A Planet *and more*
Is surely of mention deserving.



L's the Loquacious variety
Who is found in all sorts of Society.
He drinks in the sound
Of his own Voice till drown'd
In a species of self-inebriety.



M's a methodical man
Who talks with precision and plan.
Have a care how you balk
The stream of his talk,
Lest he go back to where he began.



N is a Newly Rich Boor,
An affliction that few can endure.
 Some cases, with care
 And complete change of Heir,
Take Three Generations to cure.



O is an Optimist glad
Who doesn't know how to be sad.
If he wakes up some day
In Hades, he'll say
“Well really it isn't so bad!”



P's a Poetical Bore
Who recites his own Lines by the
score.
The Ladies, poor Dears,
Are all moved to Tears
And Strong Men are moved—to
the Door.



Q is a Quoter who'll cite
His favorite authors, all night.
Tho' glowing with Thought,
Like the Moon he is naught
But a second-hand-dealer in Light.



R's a Rabid Reformer whose prose
Insures you a health-giving doze,
One wouldn't much mind
If he'd only be kind
And NOT slam the door when he
goes.



S is a Socialist rude
Who subsists on leguminous food,
Which he shyly explains
So enlarges his brains
Even Shakespeare beside Him is crude.



T is the Terrible Tot
Who says things he'd much better
not.

A Thing of that age
Should be kept in a cage
And fed (if at all) through a slot.



U is the Unco-guid Man
And all his unspeakable clan
With their “Braw Bonnie Brae,
Bide-awee, Scots Wha Hae—
Aweel, Dinna-ken, and Hoot-man!”



V is a Vain Virtuoso.
If you ask, "Pray what makes your
 hair grow so,
 Do you think it's a sign
 Of Genius divine?"
He replies "I don't think so, I know so."



W's a well informed wight
Who loves to set everyone right.
If a word you misspell
Or misquote—he will swell
With Chastened and Holy delight.



X is for Xmas, a dear
Old Impostor who comes once a year,
With Wassails and Wishes
And death-dealing Dishes
And Chilblains and Chimes and Good
Cheer.



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Y is the Yodeler whose Yell
Wakes the Echo on Mountain or
Fell.

“Poor Echo!” I say,
“To be wakened each day
By a Sound like a Feline unwell.”



Z is the Zealot whose Zeal
Takes the form of "An urgent
Appeal."

Tho' you wriggle and squirm
And protest, he sits firm
Till he lands you at last like an Eel.









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